MONTREAL
IN
VERSE

An Anthology of English Poetry
by Montreal Poets

Published by
WRITERS OF THE POETRY GROUP OF
THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION
MONTREAL BRANCH

2021

With loving Christmas Greetings
to Gilbert from Stella.
Christmas 1942.

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Editor's Note

The purpose of this modest volume is two-fold: to honour in verse our city of Montreal in this year of her Tercentenary, and through the sale of this little book, to contribute to the Queen's Canadian Fund for Air-raid Victims in Britain. These poems express a wide range of moods and points of view. As in all anthologies, quality and style vary considerably, but all the pieces possess in common a strong love of Montreal, of her history and infinite charm. These verses are a loving tribute from sensitive citizens.

Acknowledgments are hereby gratefully made to the authors for the donation of their work, to publishers of collections of poetry and of various periodicals for permission to reprint certain pieces, and to friends who have made the publication of this volume financially possible so that the entire proceeds from the sale of the book might be donated to the Queen's Canadian Fund.

—*L.C.*

Montreal, December 1, 1942.

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Introduction

WHEN the whole world is at war, events of purely local importance are apt to pass unnoticed. Montreal's Tercentenary could not be celebrated with the glamour which it would have elicited had the world been at peace. Its official manifestations were mostly of a religious character, which was eminently proper if we consider the purely spiritual motives of its foundation. But writers, who work in the silence of their study, barely disturbed by outside noises, could not help being inspired by Montreal's three centuries of existence. So we have had this year, several books devoted to Montreal, the most important of which are: "Ville, O ma Ville" a collection of writings from members of "La Société des Ecrivains Canadiens", and the seventh volume of the "Cahier des Dix", containing contributions from every member of that group. Among individual efforts, we may point out Stephen Leacock's "Montreal—Seaport and City" and Jean Bruchési's "De Ville-Marie à Montréal."

Poets could not remain silent, and this booklet shows that English-speaking writers of verse in Montreal have found in their city an abundant source of inspiration. The elevation of their thoughts is in keeping with the lofty ideals of

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the founders of the town, of which much has been said during this year. Few cities, I believe, could inspire so many poems, and of such variety. Miss Lily E. F. Barry who has gathered them, and Mr. Leo Cox, who edited the book, deserve hearty congratulations.

As a French-speaking Montrealer it is my pleasant duty to thank our English-speaking poets for the love they have displayed for my native city, and to congratulate them on the literary value of their poetic efforts.

E. Fabre Surveyer.

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A City Square—Montreal

'TIS now the saddest hour holds sway,
More drear than dawn, when light begins to play
At chess with the pale pieces of the stars
Ere the sun shatters night's slow-yielding bars.
So at the dying of an autumn day,
When waning light etches the world in gray,
All ancient sorrows of the human heart
Hold nature brooding, silent and apart.
The naked trees their desolate arms uprear
To the unheeding sullenness of skies,
And shiver as a mocking wind replies,
Tossing in jest the ghost-leaves, frail and sear.
Fog-shrouded buildings seem aloof, nor caring
Whither the passing feet of men are faring;
But up from the shadowy streets, surging from tree to tree,
The city's sorrows and pain and sins creep stealthily.
God, as I go my way where fire-light gleams
On sweet contentment and life's quiet dreams,
Grant me to fold all weary, broken things
Deep in love's heart, 'neath pity's sheltering wings.

—*Stella M. Bainbridge.*

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The Miracle Man

(*Frère André*)

THERE is a city where a million souls
For commerce meet, in devious paths, or straight,
By night and day, patient or passionate,
To help or hinder,— wise, less wise, and fools.
Here, one, by force, or skill, or law, controls
A thousand who, in durance, work, and wait . . .
Another, in seclusion, still more great,
Poet or prophet, some new dream unrolls;

But one, unlettered, humble, poor, unknown,
High on the hill-top, serving carefully,
Coveting nothing, counting this alone
Of worth, to love his Master prayerfully,
Was greater than them all, and now, in stone,
A temple spells his immortality!

—*Lily E. F. Barry*

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Refugee

(*Montreal 1942*)

HEARTSICK, bereft, forlorn,
She'd sailed the threatening seas,
But when she saw the Cross
Above Mount Royal's trees,
New faith, new hopes were born.
She cried, "My home is here
Dear Lord, for Thou art near . . .

My bitter grief, my fears, my loss
I humbly lay beneath Thy cross."

—*Helen Shackleton Brietzcke.*

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Ville Marie

1642-1942

UNDYING praise to that historic band,
Brave Maisonneuve, Jeanne Mance, and all who came
To labour in their Master's holy name,
And preach salvation in a heathen land.
The worldly-minded failed to understand
The high resolve; the scorn of earthly fame;
The selfless zeal, up-leaping like a flame
To lighten darkness at their Lord's command.

"You see here but a grain of mustard seed,
Planted by pious hands; but it will grow
And spread — a tree; for God approves your deed."
Thus Father Vimont promised, long ago.
Now Ville Marie proclaims the Christian creed,
Her towering church spires testifying so.

—*Richard Callan.*

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On Pine Avenue

OH, what a bank! mocking the South with hues
Keener than April's towering canopy!
Crocus and scyllas lapt in green, a sea
Of saffrons, purples, gleaming whites, and blues
Crowding your feet. But stare as you may choose
You cannot make them yours, you cannot be
More than the lover of their mystery,
That giving much, yet so much more refuse.

But you can follow sterner loves than they;
And loyalties far harder to be known;
Beauty still more witholding, lest you stay.
And, at the end, not your stern love alone,
But all the uncaptured hauntings of your day
Shall claim you with one greeting for their own.

—*Warwick Chipman.*

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Lenten Song

FROM hill and valley, island over,
Through the city, running free,
Snow is melting into river,
Ice is moving into sea.

Under woods of high Mount Royal,
Bitter-sweet of sap astir
Wakens for the summer's toil
Every maple, birch, and fir.

Firmaments of cloud are resting
On the continents of trees
Where the crows must soon be nesting
And the blossoms bear the bees.

Drenching rock and roof and steeple,
Window, gable, street and square,
Rain floods down upon the people
From an ocean in the air.

Notre Dame's two towers waken
Suddenly that were stone-bound;
All the city soon is shaken,
Drenched in iron seas of sound.

Every heart a lake of pity,
Every conscience penitent. . . .
Rain is flooding on the city,
Bells are pouring peace in Lent.

—*Leo Cox.*

(*From "The Wind in the Field".*)

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Montreal Skies in 1942

I HAVE listened to the steps of the rain
in their heedless repetition;
the hour is serene and remembers
peace on the oceans — A sound tears the air . . .
it is the roar of unmuffled motors
riding the skies.

* * *

The sun is a flame hanging low
in the magnitude of space.
From out blinding skies
life moves to our vision. Hands unseen
carry planes in auspicious formation:
the triad belongs to the Master-Gods.

* * *

. . . and still the gale is tearing the snow
from the frozen drifts; dust throttles the air,
and the world in a white desolation
has lost the skies — Yet, beyond the blizzard,
guided by stars, our flying watch
outstrips the storm.

— *E. H. de Steiger.*

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Tides

HERE where the surging tide of life
Grips myriads in its power,
Far homeland yesterdays now call
Across the twilight hour . . .

The sea's "Unfinished Symphony"
Weaves magic round old ships
As breakers doff their caps to blow
Foam kisses on my lips.

A lone gull rides the silver mist,
Dear voices wake to die . . .
My heart is crying, night bows low
And starlamps gem the sky.

—*Amy Bissett England.*

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Clouds

OVER Saint Catherine Street soft clouds go by,
Clouds, ermine and grey, like a gentle sigh.
Who in the city can spare time to lift
Eyes to the vapors that solemnly drift
More slowly than even a bird can fly?
They let the speed of the traffic defy
Their calm and majestic motion on high.
Why should they rush with the world as they shift
Over Saint Catherine Street?

Over Ile Jésu, where they glorify
Peace of the meadows, they seem to the eye
To take the form of the land. Nature's gift
Recalls that the race may not be to the swift.
See! the same clouds are still there in the sky
Over Saint Catherine Street.

—*Lorraine Noel Finley.*

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Our Old Montreal

IN days of Norman daring
They came in carvel faring,
The royal lilies bearing,
A New France to install;
And on our Mountain fell'd a tree
To build a cross for all to see,
And named their stronghold Ville Marie,
Our Old Montreal.

Chorus

Our Old Montreal, my dears,
Our Old Montreal!

With traffic and with trader
A river town they made her,
Until, with none to aid her,
She shared in France's fall.
Yet soon the warring nations found
In Canada a common ground,
And bonds of friendship soon were bound
In Old Montreal.

Chorus

Our Old Montreal, my dears,
Our Old Montreal!

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The wide St. Lawrence flowing
Has seen her splendour growing
With coming and with going
Beneath her mountain wall.
Cathedral, college, stately store,
And marble halls and pillar'd door,
Yet still some corners as of yore
In Old Montreal.

Chorus

Our Old Montreal, my dears,
Our Old Montreal!

—*John Murray Gibbon.*

(*From "Northland Songs, No. 2" arranged by Sir Ernest Macmillan—Courtesy, Gordon V. Thompson, Limited, Toronto*).

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A Rhapsody

To An Ailing City Tree

THO' imbedded in cement
And tortured from your natural bent,
Brave city tree, for my sake, live!

Think of the rapture that you give
When the first shiver of the dawn is nigh,
Or when, at length,
The sun appears in strength,
And you lift glad, broad arms to the rejoicing sky!

Think of the shade
You courteously made,
Else how the bald, blank light would beat
Across the garish, sun-baked street!

Dream of the stars that wink and blink
Thro' the shade
Of your wind-swayed
Branches; who would ever think
(From my casement, open wide to night
And trees, and stars)
That daytime mars
That sylvan scene, changing it quite,
Into a bold, intruding, dusty street,
With hot brick houses, and big staring panes a-gaze!
From such you screen me by green, grateful haze . . .

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Oh, mystic, deep, enshrouded, soon
As night falls,
And the night-wind calls
To splendor the leaf-latticed path o' the moon,
Your dark canopy then is a joy, a glory, a haven!
Your form
Veils the swart sweep of the storm,
And you broider with autumn gold the deep azure of heaven!

For the glory and the grace
You lend my humble dwelling-place,
For the screen
Of green,
For the beauty and pleasure,
For all your generous gifts without measure,
For the rapture that you give,
Live, brave city tree, live!

—*Christine Henderson.*

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Meeting Again

SURE it's not myself will be talkin' War to
him when he comes back again,
Not one word will I be after tellin' him of the
loneliness, nor the pain—
All I'll be carin' for at all is just to be lookin'
into his face
An' to be layin' my poor moidher'd head to rest
again in the old place,
With his strong arms holdin' me close at last,
an' him strokin' my hair, the while
The peace of heaven an' the glory of earth will
be comin' back with his smile!

—*A. Beatrice Hickson.*

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Bells of Montreal

THE bells of Montreal that ring
The angelus from towers of gray
Are many-toned, and yet they sing
A harmonizing roundelay.

From mountain slope to harbour side
They clang, and boom, and softly chime,
And through their music, floating wide,
A saga breathes of older time.

Of Ville Marie, precinct of peace,
Where soldier and ascetic prayed,
Of vigils marking centuries
While pageant came and history made.

And mellow under summer beams,
Or clear at winter evening-fall,
They tranquillize and waken dreams,
The hallowed bells of Montreal.

—*Ermina Carpenter Holland.*

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Midnight

Westmount Lookout.

FROM this lone spot the sprawling City splays
Its tentacles across the scene like scars:
Faint sheen from misty moon's roof-captured rays
Gleams back reflected to the shim'ring stars.
These in their cold aloofness downward stare
Like eyes that see man's antics but ignore.
The clam'rous noise of traffic everywhere,
Is hushed to echoes of day's strident roar.
Now brief perhaps some troubled souls may dream:
Some aching hearts know healing power of sleep,
While the St. Lawrence like a silver stream,
Winds ever onward to the ocean deep:
Flowing resistless as finality
That comes to all things, even you and me.

—*W. J. King.*

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Ramezay Road

I GOT lost on Ramezay Road,
—It is not long, and it is not far,
But — I got lost on Ramezay Road,
Where the vine-hung apple trees are.

There was not a house for a mile around,
But the little grey fort, with its wall and its towers,
And some deer-skin tents on the new-cleared ground,
That was white with trillium flowers.

Two hundred years, like the breath of a breeze,
And fifty more had vanished away,
And among the new-planted orchard trees,
Were small brown children at play.

Then up from the fort at the foot of the hill
Clear rang the chapel bell for prayer,
And a black-veiled lady stood waiting still
To welcome the children there.

Soon through the trees came the sound of a hymn
From the brown flock gathered within the tower,
And their voices rose as the light grew dim
In the peaceful sunset hour.

O I got lost on Ramezay Road,
And caught a glimpse of the Long Ago
Among the trees with their autumn load.
Is it far? Does anyone know?

—*Alice M. S. Lighthall.*

(*One of the new roads through the old Priest's Farm*).

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Montreal

REIGN on, majestic Ville-Marie!
Spread wide thy ample robes of state!
The heralds cry that thou art great;
And proud are thy young sons of thee
Mistress of half a continent,
Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;
We see thee conscious heave thy breast
And feel thy rank and thy descent.

Sprung of the saint and chevalier!
And with the Scarlet Tunic wed!
Mount Royal's crown upon thy head;
And past thy footstool, broad and clear,
St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea;
Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie!

—*William D. Lighthall.*

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Children on the McGill Campus

RODDICK and Redpath and old McGill,
Who, being dead, are living still,
How does it meet your kind intent
The way your benefice is spent?
That speechless infants and thoughtless youth
Usurp the sacred walks of truth,
And all the year, on the campus square,
Little children are playing there?

Logic and learning, grave, profound,
Surely should hold this holy ground!
And solemn teaching heard in the halls
Must emanate from these gracious walls.
Yet here are babies with ball and sled,
Calmly regardless of the dead,
Whose kind provision for times to be
Has smoothed the way for posterity.

Little children with innocent eyes,
To what great heights may they arise?
Famed physicians among them play,
Builders whose art outstrips their day,
Preachers whose word inspires with awe,
Doctors learned in all the law.
Now they are busy with ball and sled,
Companioned by the invisible dead.

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What saith the Prophet of Galilee?
"Suffer little children to come to me,"
And ever since the race began
The child is instructed to make the man.
So to the youth of the present day,
Gently, wisely, showing the way,
Those long dead are speaking still—
Roddick and Redpath and old McGill.

—*Mildred Low.*

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Electricity

I THREW a spangled net across the city's dusk,
And hung a necklet on the bridge;
Re-blazed a trail for all the million souls,
Placing a holy symbol on the ridge.

And none can know how mightily I am born,
Conceived of air or waves or sod —
For like the waters, earth and rushing wind,
Maybe I too am one with God!

—*Ethel MacDougall.*

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God Walked on Mount Royal

I KNEW God walked within the wood today,
For feathered songsters flew in raptured awe
Straight to their nests; not even raucous caw
Of crow disturbed the silence of the way;
Splendid the sun with scintillating ray
Flooded the tangled branches where the haw
Hung ripe, while near the winding path I saw
The pines and firs lift spicy heads to pray.

Upon his belly on the heated sand
A serpent drowsed, but sensing Deity,
Strove vainly to stand upright on the land
And offer, though too late, his fealty.
I knew God walked, although my eyes were dim,
And meekly kneeling there I worshipped Him.

—*Margaret Furness MacLeod.*

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The Cross on Mount Royal

UPON Mount Royal's lofty height,
The pioneers of old France stood;
To plant a symbol of the right,
In form — a giant cross of wood.

The redmen saw the white man's sign;
And learned perhaps, to fear it.
They could not grasp the thought sublime,
And did not dare go near it.

The cycles of the years went by,
The cross was crumbled dust,
No longer stood against the sky,
A symbol good and just.

But faithful hearts again have placed,
A giant cross of dazzling light,
A gleaming symbol pure and chaste,
Upon Mount Royal's lofty height.

Above the tree tops 'gainst the sky,
By day it stands like Holy Shrine;
And from its eminence on high,
At night, the Stars of Glory shine.

—*R. Henry Mainer.*

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Ex Tenebris

OUT of the dark, forbidding soil
The pure white lilies grow;
Out of the black and murky clouds
Descends the stainless snow!

Out of the crawling, earthbound worm,
A butterfly is born;
Out of the sombre, shrouded night,
Behold! a golden Morn!

Out of the pain and stress of life,
The peace of God pours down;
Out of the nails — the spear — the cross;
Redemption, and . . . a crown!

—*Martha Martin.*

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Poplars* from France

UPON the layered limestone thickets spring
New-lit and crimsoned by the sumachs' fire,
Their branches thronged, in busy tuneful cheer,
With blackbirds ready for their odyssey.
Above them all the rows of poplars rise,
Deep-rooted, earth-borne, see—they still aspire,
Their fingers reaching up to touch the skies.

The level rays of morn wake them to light,
And airy grace, stirred by the breeze they dance
And sparkle, one to other murmuring.
For lack of sun, the melancholy gray
Of olive-trees in rain their soul obscures,
By sun renewed, gallant they flash again,
Like green and black and silver musketeers.

At dusk, if summoned to a late "Alert!"
They lean to whisper tidings of the foe,
By night, they grow in presence, mystery,
One fears to face those steadfast grenadiers.
Storm-tossed, all haggard, haply they may bend
To rise like ostrich plumes resilient,
Firmly they hold their own integrity,
And front anew the ancient enemy.

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Poplars from France! Still, in that far-off land,
Your brothers watch and ward the ancient ways,
Symbol and portent to their people still
Until the hour be ripe—
To France renewed, re-born through agony,
To France resurgent, snatching life from death,
Honour from ashes, Hail! and Victory!

—*N. M. Peck.*

(**Inside the old Sulpician wall*).

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Redpath Crescent

WHERE Redpath Crescent loops, there once we played:
It was an upper orchard; then a bower
Of loveliness grown wild, each perky flower,
Each pushing stalk was ours and dreams obeyed.
The violet, the Preaching Jack so staid,
Gay columbine, pale jewel-weeds that cower,
The clinging saxifrage enjoyed their hour,
And apple blossoms blew entrancing shade.

Do children now in those trim homes and plots
Feel half the joy; the true, ecstatic lure
That led us on through lilac undergrowth
To find rich treasures in the strangest spots,
Attended by good ~~spirits~~ squirrels quite secure
With us who never failed their woodland troth?

—*Amy Redpath Roddick.*

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Mount Royal

HIGH on the hill I stood to dream upon
The blue St. Lawrence gleaming in the sun,
And thought how many a wondrous craft
Had stirred her waters since the ancient one
Jacques Cartier sailed; when his small galleon came
To plant, so brave, the little wooden cross
That would in peace for centuries remain!
And now the City reaches out her arms
Enfolding all the landscape one may see —
And in her grasp she holds the stirring force
Of worldly power, for strength and industry.
Great men — their deeds half hidden in the past,
Name the long streets of hill and sheltered town,
And dearer names, from our own wars have brought
To this great City, glorious renown.
And now along the mighty waterway
The silent liners on their duty ply —
Freighters and Tankers, and the brave Corvettes,
To reach the ocean where the Convoys lie.
While overhead the daring bombers roar
In glorious symphonies of skill and flight—
A symbol of our own heroic men
Who guard our safety, and our wealth, and right.
Still from the mountain top there shines a cross—
And those who travel from the plains afar
Look up, and wonder, at its shining light —
So true and steadfast — an eternal star!

—*Marjorie Weir Simpson.*

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Jeanne Mance

Founder of Hotel Dieu, Montreal

THE first to reach our shores when need was great,
Her gentle form sped forth 'mid ice and snow;
To hundreds she was sister, friend and guide,
When their sad lives were arid by earth's woe.

She sowed the thoughts of peace in our new land,
Her words and acts were seeds that never die;
A crown of beauty shone upon her head,
Her presence held the world for which men sigh.

To smooth away the thorns that lined their path,
With hand stretched out to heal and bless she came,
The common people loved and followed her,
She lit their lamp with an eternal flame.

—*Dorothy Sproule.*

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Christmas Trees

A MAGIC forest has risen over night
On this field that yesterday was smooth and white.
Trees that have seen Springs come, and summers fade,
And those that scarce had time to know the glade
From whence they have so ruthlessly been torn,
Now this deserted city lot adorn.

And passers-by slow their steps and stop to stare,
Breathing deeply of the aromatic air;
And many a one recalls far distant days,
When he wandered happily through wooded ways,
And the touch of past peace falls on his heart
Before, with a sigh, he turns to depart.

It must be fine to be a Christmas Tree,
But short is the life of festivity.
When it fades will the trees recall the delights
Of green forest morns, and winter's silver nights,
Of the myriad life that yet shed peace,
And of the stars' wonders that never cease?

When forgotten in man's fickle fashion,
Will they think of the sun's endless passion
And the rapture of the rain? And will they feel,
When they remember the season's turning wheel,
For man's little pleasure all they've lost?
Ah, theirs alone is the sorry cost!

—*Miriam Stein.*

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The Legend of The Old House*

A CENTURY ago a lover said,
"My love is strong, steadfast, and true;
And I, beloved one, shall build your home,
Befitting my great love for you."

High, on the mountain's wooded, southern slope,
Beside the twisting Quarry Road;
He made a clearing near a gushing spring;
And built him there his love's abode.

Like roots embedded in the mountain rock,
So deep the walls of massive stone,
It seemed that from the very mountain's core
Those solid walls of rock had grown.

Himself must help to hew his own rooftree;
And plant before the door with care,
Two maple trees, to stand all through the years,
Like sentinels on duty there.

He carved upon the gate "Mt. Pleasant Place";
The finished home he saw with pride;
O sad the day, that he so soon must see
His false beloved become another's bride.

He tore from off the gate the mocking name,
The windows shuttered, barred the door;
Then sought forgetfulness beyond the sea,
The home love built he saw no more.

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Through long, long years the house forsaken
stood,
One day strange hands let in the sun,
And built the spacious, pillared, balconies—
The years of loneliness were done.

For up the mountain side the city crept,
And soon a Boulevard ran through
The orchard, and the twisting Quarry Road,
Was named Mt. Pleasant Avenue.

Now in these days of parting, war, and change;
What cheer, when one looks up and sees,
The Old House still is standing there, serene;
Beside those staunch old maple trees!

—*Frances Corey Thomson.*

**Based on a true story of an old house on Westmount Boulevard at Mount Pleasant.*

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Island End

THE sleepy locks lie idle in the sun,
Save for the Oka barges sliding down
To Montreal, sand-laden. Here the town
Moves softly as its web of life is spun.
And over there, where swift the waters run,
Lies Perrot with her glints of golden-brown,
Her outflung islets weaving her a crown
Of sylvan loveliness; and, one by one,
The cares that hold me in enthralment drown . . .
Along the leafy bend to Senneville.
The scent of distant farmlands fills the air;
A brooding peace encloisters dale and down —
Empurpled stands the far Laurentian hill —
And God discernible is everywhere.

—*W. L. Thorp.*

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Deserted House on Mount Royal

FOR untold years no soul has entered here,
This house now covered with a shroud of gloom,
With haunting shadows in each vacant room,
The trees around it too are gnarled in fear.

The winding path is overgrown with weeds,
Strange winds blow rattling shutters to and fro,
On walls that should have fallen long ago,
Decay, the glutton, ravenously feeds.

Within, the dust lies thick on sill and floor,
While clinging cobwebs cluster close and hang,
In rooms where once gay laughter's echo rang,
And joyful footsteps capered long before.

Remembering, through years this house must yearn,
Again to shelter happiness and cheer,
To feel the throb of joyous life so near . . .
Not without hope, it waits for their return.

—*Joy Thomson Tobin.*

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Mood of an Hour

BELOW you, Mount Royal, the street
Hurries with clatter and clang.
Little busy-nesses of the day —
Where lead they men? and why?
High, august, watchingly grim,
Breath'd in implacable calm
Of time you stand, have stood
Before man reached up from atom to stars.

Lonely dark hill?
In the largo of twilight, await
Under the arches of space, the dead
Asleep in your still embrace?
And only the evening star
Hung low in the West and the moon
Distant and cold,
To fellow you in the night?

War in the far-off lands,
Here echoed in drumming beat
Of the soldier tramp of men
Marching the ways at your feet.

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Friendly, O sentinel hill? . . .
Hill of the star view of night;
Hill of the long view of day;
Then smile. Speak me kindly and take
Another heart to your breast . . .
A heart but a yearning, an ache
For peace in the soul of the world.

—*Jean Percival Waddell.*

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Champ de Mars, 1914

UNSCATHED as yet by battle-scars,
Trampling the sad December's snow,
The khaki lads on Champ de Mars
Are girding for the distant foe.
Each with a dream comes marching by;
Each all aflame for England's fight.
But O presaging heart, say why
That sound of weeping in the night?

The Duke came down one frosty day
And walked between the khaki ranks.
Full grave his look. We heard him say:
"Soldiers, the Empire gives you thanks.
Long live the King! Our foes shall learn
You stand with Him for simple right;
And may God grant you safe return."
But still that sound all through the night!

O, marching from the Champ de Mars
They cross the seas; they storm the trench,
Fighting beneath the troubled stars
With Belgians brave and valiant French;
Fighting, till victory austere,
Shall crush the Great Betrayer's might.
But O my beating heart, dost hear
That sound of weeping in the night?

—*Robert Stanley Weir.*

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Notre Dame de Bonsecours

SHE stood upon her pedestal of stone,
With hands outstretched to bless the water-way,
Dreaming of ships; and in her robe of grey,
She leaned against the wind and sang alone,
Of bells, and shrines, and relics she had known,
In an Old World, and in a far-off day.

She brooded for the voyage across the sea,
When priestly hands had placed her in the care
Of twelve pale sisters sent to Ville Marie.
And through the storm that voice above their prayer,
The bell for Bonsecours, fast in the hold,
Had changed its weary matins on the air,
'What am I, but a spirit bought and sold"?

Now as she gazed across the busy quays,
And now upon the cart-worn cobblestones,
Within her Church were pilgrims on their knees,
Beseeching Mother-Comfort for their souls.
Each with a little candle for her shrine;
The distant din of traffic tore the air;
And street lights wavered in a misty line;
She wondered how St. Joseph's coat would wear,
And if the rain had troubled his stiff bones;
The Bell of Bonsecours in diverse tones
Surged sorrowfully across the market square.

—*Margaret Ross Woods.*

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